

Art Editor AL JETTER



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Every effort is made to insure that these comit magazines . contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W if Faweett & President



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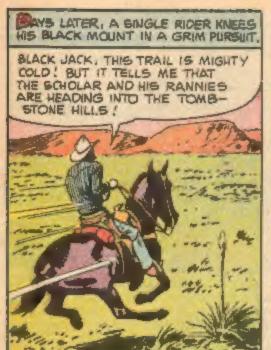






THE TALES OF HOMER





THE WARDEN HAS HAD NO SUCCESS IN BRINGING THEM BACK --- WHICH MEANS IT'S OUR JOB! LET'S RIDE, BOY!



























O THE TWO FRIENDS RIDE





















THEY WERE SAVED BY THE WARNING OF A FLOCK OF SACRED GEESE ON THE CAPITOLINE HILL! I REMEM-CAPITOLINE HILL BERED THAT AND USED THE HAVEN'T GOT ANY GEESE!







ARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE OUTLAWS AND THEIR PRISONERS GET UNDER WAY!

WHERE PO YOU RECKON THEY'RE TAKING US, ROCKY ?

SHHH, SON ! DON'T MENTION MY NAME ! I SUPPOSE THEY RE AIMING TO GET AS DEEP INTO THE MOUNTAINS AS POSSIBLE!







DEAD END AGAIN! WE'RE WASTING TIME TRYING TO GO FARTHER, SCHOLAR!

NO: THERE'S ANOTHER NARROW TRAIL: LET'S FOLLOW IT---AND SEE WHERE TAKES US!





THE WATERFALL TO THE SIDE AND I CAN SEE THROUGH THE SPRAY! IT'S AN ARCHWAY







KEEP YOUR GUNS
DRY! WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT WE'LL
FIND IN THERE!





MIRACLE
LAND OF
GOLD AND
JEWELCOVERED
TEMPLES,
RIDE ROCKY,
TAD AND
THEIR
CAPTORS.
WHAT STRANGE
EVENTS AWAIT
THEM?

READ ON FOR CHAPTER II OF THE LAND OF MISSING MEN!

CONTRACT CONTRACTOR











COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

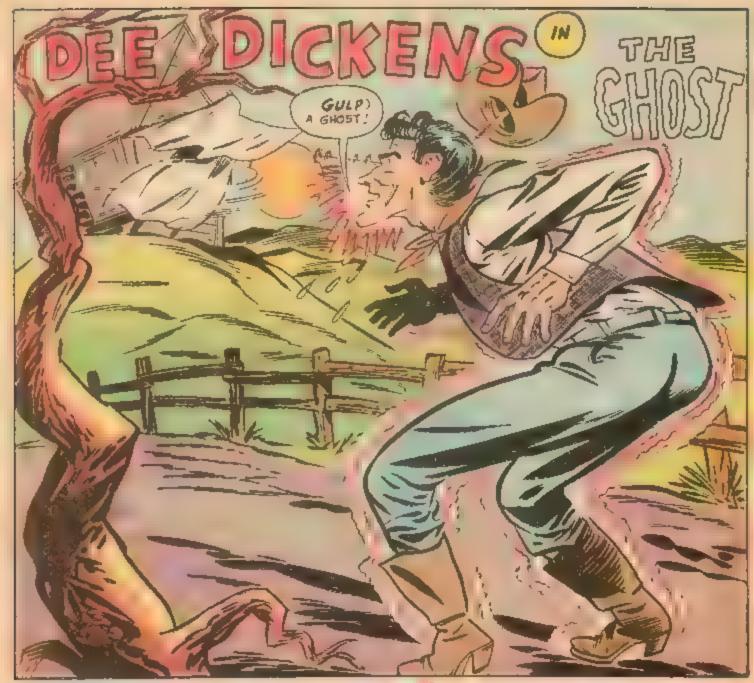






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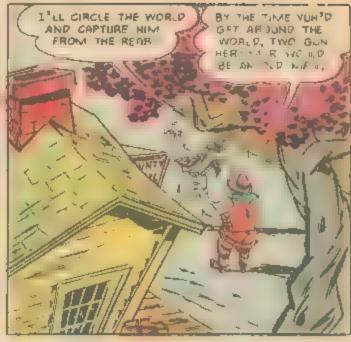












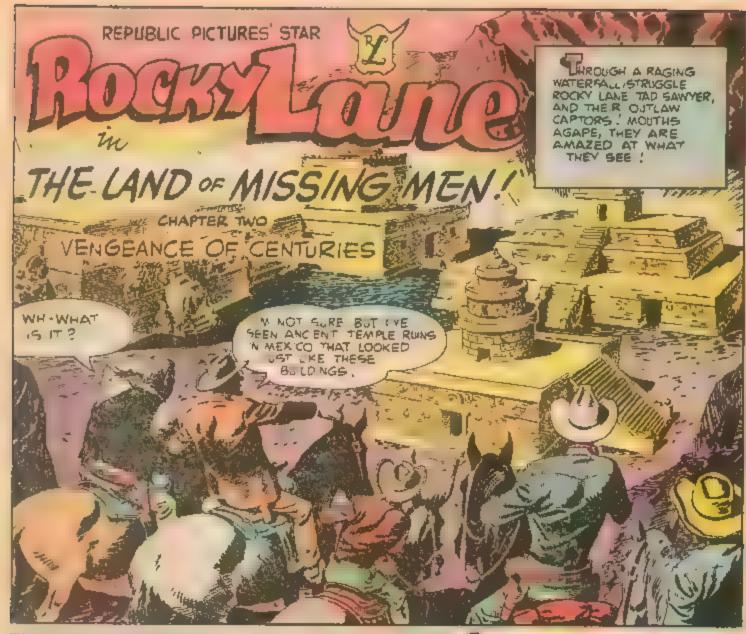
















THEN YOU









BY ARROWS THE FIRE OF THE ATTACKING WARRIORS IS SAVAGE AND ACCURATE!



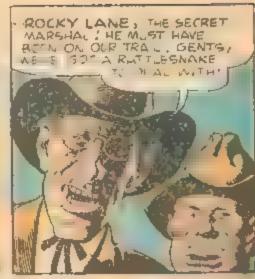














THEN THEY TED US UP AND
LEFT US HERE WITH A CANTEEN OF WATER THEY FIXED
JP THE R WOUNDS AND DE CIDED TO GO DOWN TO THE
TOLTEC Y LAGE TO TRY TO
GET SOME OF THAT GOLD
AND JEWE S!

HMMM! THAT'S BAD.

[KELY THEY LL MEET WITH

A MEAN RECEPTION PARTY!

AND T LOOKS BAD ABOUT

YOUR BROTHERS, TOO — IF

THEY HAPPENED NTO THIS

VALLEY! THEY PROBABLY

WERE TAKEN PRISONER...

OR MAYBE WORSE!











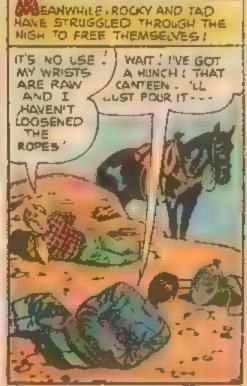
AGO TROY WAS CAPTURED THROUGH THE USE OF A HUGE WOODEN HORSE N WHICH THEIR ENEW ST IN TO WE CAN'T BULD A WOODEN HOWSE, BUT WE CAN BULD A B G DOL TON OH! ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOLTED VILLAGE!



















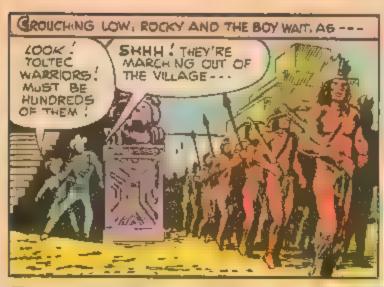










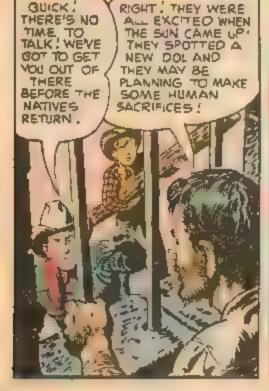






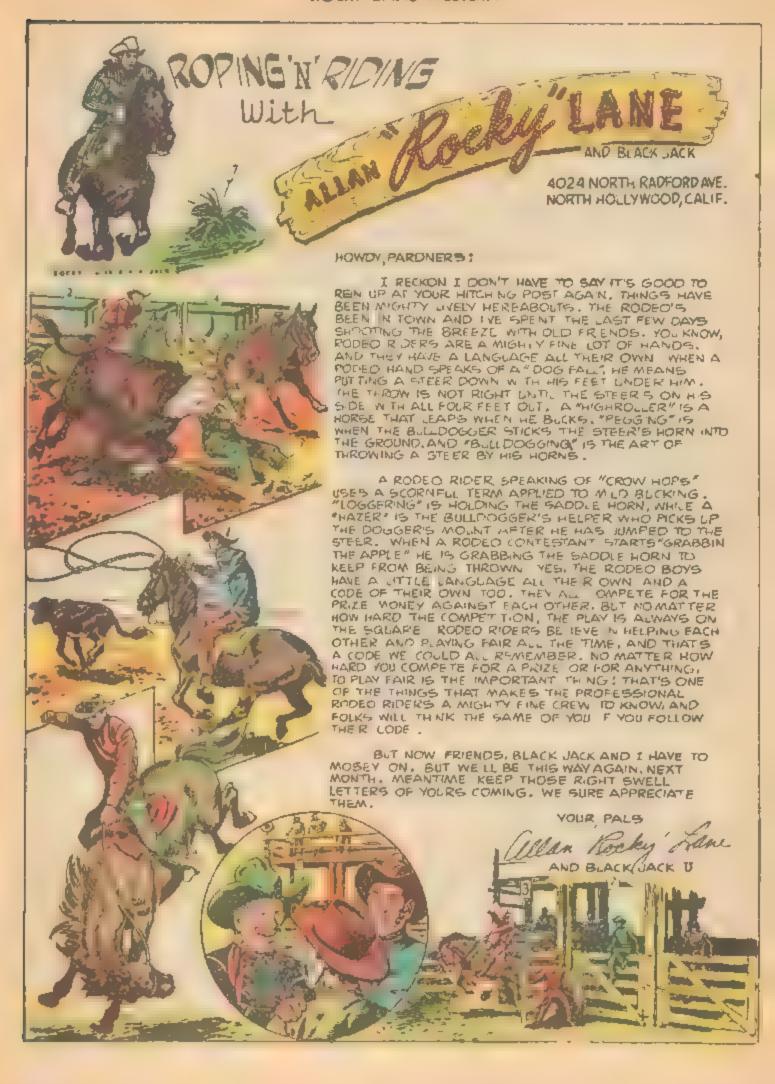








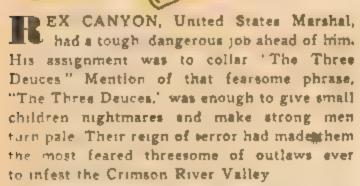






THE THREE DEUCES

By Walter Farmer



Three late sheriffs of the tiny town of Crimson River lay under tombstones at the edge of town All brave men. They had tried to halt the rading and plundering of the terrible trio Now, even the most courageous men in the town and territory were quick to decline when white-haired Mayor Baldwin tried to pin the badge of office on them In desperation, the mayor had called on Rex Canyon, the famous trouble-shooter of the Old West

It was midnight, and the whole town was "dead," save for the tiny streak of light that erept through a crack in the drawn blinds of Mayor Baldwin's office Inside, the mayor and Rex Canyon were conferring, speaking low.

"Marshal," said the mayor, "I like your looks. You're a clean-cut young fellow you look strong and you have courage by reputation I've taken a real liking to you In fact, I...I.. well, I wish you'd back out of this deal I wish you'd pretend I never sent for you!"

"Back out?" exclaimed Rex "What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you don't back out, you'll be dead." asserted the white-haired man. "Now don't take offense, youngater"

Marshal Rex Canyon was astonished by the mayor's words Perhaps that is why his usually keen, alert ears had not detected the stealthy tread, the slight creaking of boards, in the alley behind the mayor's office

"I'll take no offense Mr Mayor," declared Rex "But I won't back out And I'll make a sure thing bet that I won't be dead!"

"A sure thing bet?" The mayor looked puz-

gled "Don't be overconfident Besides, if you made the bet and you did turn up dead, where would I collect?"

"That's what I mean by sure thing," chuckled Rex. "If I'm dead, I can't pay off!"

The white-haired old mayor shook his head "You shouldn't joke about The Three Deuces," asserted the mayor "You're one against three But even if you were one against one—that one would best you Let me tell you about them?"

"Go shead," said Rex

"Club Dence is the strongest man you ever saw," declared Mayor Baldwin "No matter how strong you are, he could break you in two He could club you to death—without a club!"

"Go on!" said Rex. firmly

"There's Diamond Deuce He's hard as a diamond—ruthless He's the best shot anywhere. He can outdraw anybody, even you If you should happen to survive what Club did to you with his fists. Diamond would finish you off with lead."

"Tell me about the other one," suggested Rex

That would be Spade Deuce," said the mayor "He is even worse than the other two Club uses his strength Diamond uses his guns, but Spade uses his head—he has a diabolical mind, He will out think you!"

Rex Canyon granned "I'll take my chances

An explosive blast interrupted him. The floor rose, the wall crashed Mayor Baldwin and Marshal Rex Canyon were toppled to the floor, covered with plaster dust and flying splinters. After a dazed moment, Rex raised to his knees, shaking the dust from his head and his eyes and calling, "Mr. Mayor, are you all right?"

"Praise to be good fortune I'm all right," said the mayor spitting dust from his mouth "We were lucky They tried to get us and failed."

'No they didn't fail asserted Rex

'Didn't fail? But we're alive man'"

"Exactly," said Rex. "They didn't mean to kill us. That was only a light charge of dynamite, calculated to rock this frame building and upset us If they'd wanted to finish us off, the charge would have been plenty heavy enough to burst us into bits."

"But . . why?"

"They wanted to scare us . . . they wanted to scare me," said the marshal "Somehow they got word that you had sent for me Alive, I might cause them a peck of trouble, but if they killed me, I'd sure cause them a bushel of trouble Killing a United States Marshal would set the whole federal government after them. They don't want that They'd rather scare me away if they can"

Rex Canyon rubbed his chin with the glittering ring on his left hand, a mannerism that always accompanied his deep thinking. The mayor shook his head and said, "I reckon you figured it out right. But we could have been killed. A beam might have fallen on us or . . ."

"That's it" Rex cut in, pointing his ring finger at the mayor while his eyes lighted up and his face broke into a smile. That's it' You've given me the 'dea'"

The whole town of Crimson River turned out for the funeral of Mayor Baldwin and the unidentified stranger who, it was reported, had been killed in a mysterious explosion. Due to the condition of the remains, both caskets were kept tight, y sealed. Most of the mourners would have been shocked to get a look at the "remains"—which consisted of old flour sacks loaded with sand!

As the procession approached the burying ground, nobody seemed to pay any attention to the dirty-faced gravedigger who was leaning wearily on his earth-caked shovel Rex Canyon dabbed at the perspiration in his eyes with a faded bandana and thought, "Nobody's likely to recognize me A grave digger seldom attracts attention. The question is, will I be able to recognize the Deuces? I'm sure they'll come to my funeral. They wouldn't miss it. They'll want to know if any government men are here to pay their respects, and how many men the government sent. I've got to be on the lookout for fake beards."

Three old men were approaching the graves, ahead of the procession. Rex watched them keenly. Their beards were white and scraggy, they effected a bent posture, but somehow they did not walk like old men. "It's them! It's The Three Deuces" thought Rex.

At that same moment, Spade Deuce, his beady eyes taking in everything, whispered to Diamond Deuce, "Get ready to draw! That hombre is no grave digger Look at that expensive ring on his left hand!"

Diamond Deace reached for his holster, but that same left hand had doubled to a fist and caught Diamond squarely on the thin, sending him down for the count. With a roar, Club Deuce, the strong man, charged at Rex. Rex. swung the spade handle like a baseball bat and caught the charging outlaw under the ear. He, too, collapsed in a heap. But Spade Deuce, the smart one had used his head. While Rex. was fighting his brothers. Spade had calmly drawn his Colt. It was now leveled directly at Rex. who, as a grave digger, was unarmed.

Rex took a quick step backward and flopped into the open grave before Spade could fire. That was a fool play, mister, snarled Spade Deuce "You fixed yourself now so you can't even run Well, it's your grave."

As he approached the lip of the grave, ready to shoot down Rex Canyon, a spadeful of dirt came up and splatted him full in the face. Momentarily blinded. Spade fired wildly, but Rex ducked under the shots and crashed Spade's jaw with an uppercut that laid him out beside his brothers

N HIS temporary office. Mayor Baldwin sat at his desk facing Marshal Rex Canyon He shook his head in wonderment as he said, "Pretty neat You clubbed down Club Deuce. You spaded down Spade Deuce Too bad you couldn't have diamonded Diamond Deuce—just to round out everything"

Rex chuckled and held up his left hand. "Did you notice that little red mark on Diamond Deuce's jaw where I hit him? That came from the stone in this ring It's a diamond!"

THE END





























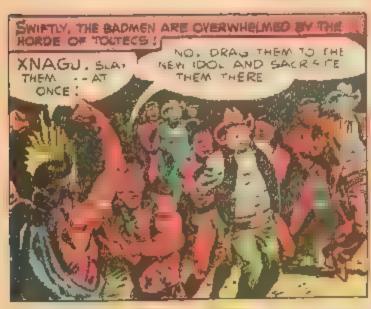


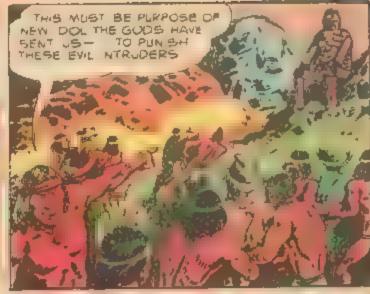












MEANWHILE ROCKY AND THE SAWYERS HAVE GAINED THE SAFETY OF THE RIDGE LOOKING DOWN INTO THE VALLEY!

HEAR THAT HUBBUB? YOU WERE RIGHT ROCKY! A FRACAS IS GOING ON THE THE SCHOLAR
AND HIS GANG!
THEY VE BEEN
CAUGHT BY THE
TOLTECS!





SOUNDS LIKE
LUST (E. THEY
TRED TO ROB
THE N.UNS SO
THEY LEBE
PUNSHED BUT NOT
IN THIS WAY ! I VE
OWN DOL!

















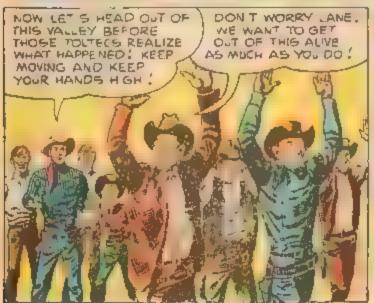


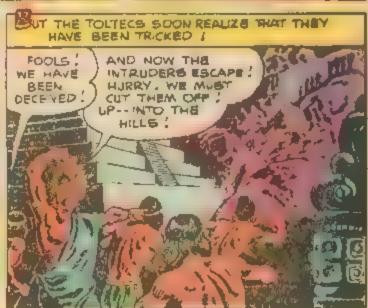










































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